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The Bell Ringer

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Alone

The moon is reflected on the ice
As I pull my craft from the rice,
The silence is broken as I load the boat—
I push off the bank and begin to float
Into the current, as I drift,
I realize I am alone again
Except for my very best friend,
Who created the world for you and me.
So alone we will never be;
As the sun rises I am told
That there is a world to behold,
As the light becomes more clear,
I can see that my friend is always near.

Whitfield Hamilton

Art, One Man's View

*Art allows us the rare opportunity
To view the world through another's eyes;
We may find the world quite different
From what we suppose:
The world may be shiny and new,
Where happiness abounds,
Or it may be cold and bleak,
Where war and hate
Course through the days
With unchecked vigor
Destroying all in their path;
We may disagree with the artisan's approach,
But that does not mean he is wrong.
For we all hold prejudices against things not our
own;
We resist viewing the world as others do,
We are content to blind ourselves to the despair
Which fills the world;
When the artist tries to break down this wall,
We shriek in agony, crying our disgust,
Doing nothing but degrading ourselves.*



Crying Clown Randy Tibbott

*Art carries with it the spirit of its creator,
As nothing else can,
Living on long after the artist is gone;
For although he is only a man,
Subject to mortal restraints,
He can make the world better for you and me
By showing us his unique point of view;
This point we may reject
And call completely wrong,
But do we really realize his message in painting or
song,
So that we too might see the world as he?
Well, do we?*

Charley Mashburn

Who Is He?

Who is he. I have not seen him here before.
Strange; I thought I knew everybody here by now.
Oh yes, now it is coming back to me; I know him.
No, no I don't. He looked different from that
angle. I wonder who he is. Hmm . . . from the
back, he looks like someone I once knew, an old
friend, but he is not. He is walking toward me
now; could it be . . . ? No. For a moment, he
looked familiar, but when he went past, he
seemed very different from his straight-on look.
Strange, strange, strange. And irritating, too.
Every time I think I know this guy, my view
changes and I see that he is not who I thought he
was. He is going downstairs now. I once knew a
person who walked like that. Can't place the walk
with the name, though. They both walk a lot alike.
If he would just stand still, I think I could figure
out this guy's name. Why won't he be still?
Maybe I am too far away. Think I will try to get
nearer to him. I think I need glasses. I thought I
could see him clearly from where I was, but
everything is much more distinct now. I'll just
walk right up to him and give him a good look.
Maybe then I will recognize him. Here he comes.

How strange. When I stood eye-to-eye with him,
inches away, I knew him. I knew him completely.
I had known him all along. But then he walked
away slowly. As he moved off, I realized I had
been mistaken. My mind had wanted me to see
someone I once knew, an old, long-lost friend,
and so my eyes had seen him, just for an instant.
As the distance increased, I saw that he was
someone else, a stranger. I wonder if he knew me.
I thought he did, when I was next to him. I guess
not. Oh, well.

John Hitt

The Conference

"Hail King Alphonso III!" cried the brightly
clad herald as the King of Spain walked into the
council chamber. He was a young man, perhaps
twenty-one, with brown hair, a pleasant face, and
sharp, piercing eyes. He was simply dressed
because, despite the stiffness of the herald and
his ministers, he was only meeting with two
men, the cardinal Mancha and the Duke Asini, his
foreign and financial advisors.

Once the three were seated the king started the
meeting of his inner council, "At the present
moment, how many nations are we at war with?"

"We cannot be certain as to the exact number
your majesty," responded the cardinal. "The
number is constantly changing. But I can assure
you that we are presently at war with France, the
Netherlands, and Sweden, and that our relations
with England are deteriorating."

"What is our financial situation?"
"At present our treasury is empty," answered
the Duke, "but a treasure fleet is due at any
moment with several tons of silver, and it should
tide us over to the week, unless, of course, it has
been captured by the Dutch, like the last one
was."

"Well, what about the long-term outlook?"
"Let me phrase it this way, your majesty, that
tax base is down 5 percent over the last ten years

while prices are up 21 percent."

The king then stuck his tongue in his cheek and
asked the Duke, "How much are we now paying
our armies?"

"A very great deal sir."

"And how much should we be paying our ar-
mies?"

"A very great deal more sir."

"How do our armies feel about this?"

"They're not very happy sir, and, unfortunately,
I have received reports that we were forced to
hang an entire company who carried their
disaffection a bit too far."

"And I gather," said the king, "that our
economy is in a really rotten shape." The two
advisors nodded in silent acquiescence.

"The only answer which I can see," continued
the king, "is to revamp the entire economy so that
revenues are sufficient to support the govern-
ment."

"I hate," answered the Duke, "to discredit your
ideas sir, but how long will it take to redo the
economy?"

"Approximately ten years."

"Unfortunately sir, we have four million duncats
due at the first of next month."

"Well," continued the king, "we now only need
to worry about financing the government over the
next ten years. It seems to me that we can borrow
sufficient funds for that period."

"Unfortunately," responded the Duke, "we are
considered to be a bad risk, having renounced the
national debt seven times."

"What about reputable third parties?"

"Well, either most of the reputable third parties
with whom we are not at war (which is not a great
number) have been ruined when they borrowed
money for us and we renounced the debt, or they
will not touch us."

"Then why not ask third parties in countries we
are at war with to borrow for us?" continued the
king.

"Because," responded the somewhat aghast
Cardinal, "we couldn't pay them for it, even if, by
some incredible chance we got into contact with
some."

"Well, we could promise them trading rights."

"Sir, you seem to forget that we do not trade
with countries with which we are at war."

"You're right, and beside we don't have
anything to trade."

The council participants sat and stared at each
other for several minutes until the king asked
the question which was on the minds of the others
about which they did not have the courage to
speak.

"Why don't we just postpone this conference
until tomorrow?"

Wyatt Wells



Desperado

John Erwin

It Got Away

It got away.
shiver,
shudder,
cast,
plop,
click,
tug,
tension,
pull,
exhilaration,
jump,
joy,
snap,
dejection,
It got away.
shiver...

George Carpenter

Anonymous Sayings

*We may give without loving,
but we cannot love without giving.*

*The door to the human heart can
be opened only from the inside.*

*A friend is one who comes to you when
all others leave.*

*Forgiveness is the fragrance that the
violet sheds on the heel that crushed it.*

*People are lonely because they build
walls instead of bridges.*

T.G.I.F.

(Whew! Thank God it's Friday. Hope I can get home in time for "M-A-S-H.")

These are the thoughts of Jay as he drives home from school in the failing light of a winter dusk. Jay is a junior at a small public high school in the suburbs of Knoxville. It has been a rough week at school, and he is looking forward to partying the night away.

(I need a stogey.)

He pulls out some menthol cigarettes from under the seat, opens the window slightly, and lights up.

(Why am I smoking menthols? They're raunchy. I sure hope it's true that girls love to kiss menthol smokers.)

He takes a long pull at the cigarette, inhales deeply, and exhales through the nose.

(I'm glad I learned how to do that, it sure looks tough.)

Jay finishes his third cigarette shortly before he gets home. After he gets his books out of the car, he douses the interior with Lysol. His parents always have wondered why his car smells the best.

(I'm home! Anybody here?)

(Good, at least I can watch "M-A-S-H" in peace.)

Jay manages to see all of "M-A-S-H" and half of "My Favorite Martian" before his mother arrives.

"Jay, I'm home..."

(There goes the neighborhood!)

"Hope your day wasn't as bad as mine."

"No, Mom, it couldn't get any worse than it already is."

"Maybe you should go soak in the tub for a while, and I'll fix you some dinner so you can get to bed early."

"I can take care of myself, Mom."

(Why does she treat me like a twelve year old? I've got to get out of this house or I'll blow.)

"Tell ya what, Mom, you'd better fix dinner now 'cause I gotta leave in an hour."

"Why? Where? With whom? How long?"

(Think fast, Jay.)

"Uuuuh... there's a good basketball game at East High. I don't wanna miss it."

"I didn't know you like... where are you going?"

"I'm gonna take a shower and change. Have dinner ready in twenty minutes?"

"Sure, what do you want?"

"I don't care."

(As if she doesn't know already.)

Jay showers and then shaves so he can put on aftershave with his lotion and deodorant.

(What a combination! Provocative!)

He puts on his tightest jeans and an Oxford shirt with a thick Uruguayan wool sweater over that. Jay eats dinner in silence, thinking about the coming evening.

(I'd better check out Krystal and McDonald's before I get the beer. There's got to be a party somewhere.)

After finishing dinner, Jay brushes his teeth, gargles half a bottle of mouthwash, grabs a windbreaker, and sneaks out of the house without a sound. He has had good practice at it. On the road a minute later, Jay puts an AC-DC tape in the deck and with the window down, he entertains the neighborhood.

(Damn! This crate's running on fumes!)

Using his father's credit card, Jay fills the tank with premium.

(Sure am glad I don't have to buy gas with my own money. What an ultra mega-bummer!)

Jay finds himself cruising west Knoxville for an hour before he locates Alfredo, his best friend, eating his dinner in McDonald's.

"Alfredo, you lost cause, what do ya know?"

"Hey, Jay, what's up?"

(Didn't I just ask him that?)

"Why don't you tell me and we'll both know."

As Jay tries to weed out the latest news from Alfredo, he notices Alfredo looking over his shoulder. Turning his attention back to the meal, Alfredo stuffs what he can of the remaining half of his Big Mac into his mouth. Any remaining gaps are filled with french-fries. Half of both Big Mac and french-fries manage to hang out of his mouth.

"Mmmmmfff..."

(Whatever turns you on.)

"Alf, what are you doing, if I may inquire?"

After about a minute of difficult maneuvering, Alfredo manages to eat the whole thing.

"Jay, see those girls behind you? They're giving me the eye. I thought I'd give them something to look forward to."

"You're a regular Romeo, Alf. They're leaving."

"Their loss."

"Alf, can't you think of something better to do than that?"

"Sure. Tell ya what, meet me at my house in fifteen minutes and we'll get a party goin'."

"Just us?"

"Naw, I'll get some more people there, don't worry!"

(One of these days, I'm gonna figure out why I listen to him.)

Jay leaves Alfredo to his meal and gets a six-pack of beer. He goes to the parking lot behind Kroger's and drinks the beer slowly, puffing on cigarettes between sips. He's got his tape-deck cranked on Bad Company while he ponders...

(Good beer. I'm gonna need a buzz to get anything out of a night like this. Alf sure is strange. I guess that's what I see in him. He looks funny when he's having fun.)

Thirty minutes later, there are six empty cans and a countless number of cigarette stubs strewn all over the Kroger parking lot. Jay arrives at Alfredo's to discover the party to consist of maybe ten drunk and mean red-necks.

(That's all I need—wall to wall urban cowboys.) Jay manages to get seated in a dark corner with a beer before Alfredo notices him.

"Jay, my main man, you're right on time. The party's just begun! I'm gonna make a beer run, ya wanna come?"

"Naw, I'll just sit here and drown my sorrows."

(I don't know what I'd do without beer. Friday nights never would be any fun.)

Alfredo laughs, not noticing Jay's somber face in the shadows. He leaves Jay to the red-necks and Jay leaves the red-necks for another beer. Once in the kitchen, Jay pulls another beer and some French Onion dip from the fridge. He opens both, and using the stale Ruffles on the counter as shovels, he begins to eat. He stares vacantly into the inner depths of the dip, seeing nothing and thinking nothing. The process of getting chip to dip and dipped chip to his mouth is an automatic reflex. His journey in space is brought to earth suddenly by the appearance of Alfredo at the door. He is loaded with beer, and there is a great deal of noise coming from outside.

"I thought you went after beer, Alf, not the brewery."

"C'mon Jay. I got thirteen giddy girls on my tail. Ran into 'em at the store. They thought they could live up the party."

(Can't I get drunk without somebody's girl getting sick on me?)

Jay manages to get back to his chair in the dark corner before the girls pour into the room. The mood of the party is changing rapidly. The lights go down, the music is soft, and couples are seen forming and retreating to a quiet place.

(Oh no! What is this THING coming at me? She looks like a rabbit! She's all teeth!)

"Hi, is this seat taken?"

"No, have a seat."

(Damn!)

"My name's Jeanette. What's yours?"

"Jay. You wanna beer?"

"Sure."

"Be right back."

Jay goes to the kitchen, grabs two beers from the fridge, gets his coat, and walks out the back door. (See ya in the carrot patch!)

He gets in his car and is gone. He sips the beer slowly while cruising the lonely streets of the suburbs.

(At least I've got a good buzz.)

Ernest Franklin

THE BELL RINGER

Editors-in-Chief Matt Cassell, Don Fairbairn

News & Features Editor Carlisle Herron

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Advisors Dr. Eason, Dr. Niemeyer

The Evil Within

Bundled up on that cold night, the attractive young lady continued to walk. She opened her purse and began to look through it. Suddenly realizing that a car was pulling over towards her, she nervously snapped her purse closed and hoped that she had not lost her composure. As the car halted, she opened the door and a well-groomed, middle-aged man said, "It's a cold night. Let me give you a ride."

"Yeh, thanks a lot," she said, hesitating, as if judging his character.

"Why are you walking home on a night like this?"

"Well, I walked over to my mother's house this afternoon to visit her because she is getting on in years, and she hasn't been feeling too well lately."

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"Oh, that's alright. Anyway, I left her house a while ago and began to walk home."

There was a short silence between them. She began to think to herself. "This man is awfully nice. He has an honest look about him. He probably is the average successful businessman with a wife and some children. One thing is for sure; his large car implies success. But I shouldn't let those matters concern me."

He interrupted her thinking.

"So, where do you live?"

"It's just a little ways further down the road."

"Okay. Just tell me when to turn."

"Sure."

They engaged in a short conversation, and, as they approached the street on which she wanted to turn, she became apprehensive that he would not follow her directions and try to take advantage

of her helplessness. He turned at the small street, and she sighed with relief.

As they came to the end of the street, she said, "Go to the right . . . no, left . . . whatever!"

"Well, which is it?" he asked, laughing.

"It's left. I'm sorry . . . I was just daydreaming."

Now that she had made this mistake, her heart began to beat rapidly. As they neared the end of the street, her heartbeat became erratic.

He was looking out the side window as he heard her opening her purse. He asked, "So, which one is your house?" As he turned to look at her, and



Mask

Charlie Cox

The Game

A loser at the game everyone plays
Thinks he's set in his losing ways,
And quits because he can never win;
But ends up losing once again.

Russell Jones

The Beginning Of

A Beautiful Day

My alarm wakes me. It is four o'clock in the morning. As I hurriedly get dressed, I think to myself how foolish I am to get out of bed and go duck hunting rather than sleeping late. Yet an irresistible force, the call of the wild, draws me out to the duck blind. I do not know if it is the beauty of the ducks as they land in your decoys, the dog's excitement as she anxiously retrieves the fallen bird, or just the stillness over the water as the sun begins to rise above the horizon. As I reach the blind, I put the strategy to work as I set out my decoys. Upon finishing this task, I get into the blind with my beloved canine companion and marvel as Venus leads the way for Apollo and his mighty steeds as they drag the sun across the sky. Suddenly, my thoughts are interrupted as my ears instinctively key in on the sound of beating wings moving across the water. As my eyes catch up with my ears, adrenalin begins to flow through my body. I begin trying to call and to lure the ducks into my decoys. The ducks sense the excitement of my calling as they begin their flight into my decoys, cupping their wings ever so precisely and stopping briefly in mid-air when they land expertly onto the water. After I take my shots, I find my journey to be successful since I see a fallen bird lying still in the water. As the dog anxiously retrieves the bird, the beautiful sunrise and the quiet and the stillness of the water convince me that this is the start of a beautiful day.

Walt Zibas

Compulsion

The bell rings, eighth period has come to an end;
I race to my car, six cities to defend,
I quickly drive to my destination,
I get out of my car with intense determination,
I enter the game room, my eyes all ablaze,
Only because I have not played in three days;
I take a quarter and put it in its place,
A look of excitement encompasses my face,
As I position my hands, my fingers begin to tremble,
Although through months of practice, they have become quite nimble;
After I have pushed Player Button One,
All that I anticipated has finally begun;
When by a smart missile my last city is destroyed,
I pull out another quarter which I quickly employed;
When I have lost my final city
To a machine that shows no pity,
I leave the game room, frustrated and without a dime,
And I mumble to myself, "I'll do better next time."

The Wrestler

He steps upon the scale to weigh,
But short one pound, to his dismay,
"I can no longer stand this trauma
Of rubber suits and the torrid sauna."
Slowly returning to the scale,
Head hung low and face so pale,
Breathlessly watching the pointer suspend
With another opponent he now must contend.
Adrenaline flowing uncontrollably now,
He wants to cry yet knows not how.
The whistle blows; he goes all out,
His hand is raised; he's won the bout.
He answers his question of silent remorse:
Was it worth it? Yes, of course!

John Dale

his face met with the barrel of a pistol.

"Get out," she demanded, "get out!"

"What . . . ?"

"Get out, NOW!"

At the moment her heart reached its maximum rapidly, he reached for the gun in order to wrench it from her grasp, but he only discovered a bullet which he would never hear.

She nervously pushed his slumped body out of the car door and began to drive away.

"I've got to pray that nobody heard the shot. This has never happened before. I had no idea! I'll just go to the highway and just keep driving. NO! I could be spotted by the police. I must relax. Everything is okay. Remain calm and try to figure out a solution."

She continued to drive through some back streets as she contemplated her alternatives. Before long, she passed a car.

"Oh my God! I hope that man doesn't drive that other street and find the body. If he does, he can identify me as the murderer. Well, not 'murderer.' Hmm . . . yes, murderer." I AM A MURDERER. NO, it was inadvertent. It wasn't my fault. I mean, he reached for the gun, and I couldn't do anything about it."

She continued to drive. As she turned a corner, a strange feeling came over her. She looked over to the passenger seat, and there was the man she had just killed. Shocked, she immediately reached for the pistol and shot at him with the remaining bullets. It clicked empty as he reached for the gun.

"Don't be foolish."

He took the gun from her grip and, as he drew it away, the car began to move without her control.

"I am ashamed to say that you have proven that you are, indeed, the evil part of me."

He disappeared and the car sped up until it went out of control.

Jeff Patterson

The Real Winner

The winner is the one who does his best,
Whose opponents are the goals he sets.
To please one's self is the greatest test;
The loser is a timid soul who does not try,
Although he knows that he can never fail.
Thereby, vainly, to himself he lies,
With the proud winners, he will never sail,
Because his pride in himself is what died.
At worst the participant knows defeat,
At best enthusiasm and devotion.
His spirit, however, is what cannot be beat.
The competitor knows the great emotion.
He gave the effort and that is what counts,
For one hundred per cent is a great amount.

Kern Rollins

Amity

Some people wish for the future;
Still others stay in the past.
Can we not live for the present
Like each day is our last?

Our life becomes more precious
As those around us seem to die;
Our hearts tend to be breaking
With the smallest of bantam lies.

And when such are the times
That we need love and a friend
To keep our own needy souls
From the same bitter end,

The true are there to guide us;
We all join together as one.
Because there is power in amity,
We will never have the need to run.

Tommy Barge



Earth View

Mr. Zenanko

Rest At Valley Forge

The journey was bad, that frosty day.
The cold, the wind, their hopes astray;
But the men could feel, deep in their bones,
That they kept safe their families in nice, warm homes.

The battle had not been easy so far,
Their minds being totally shaken ajar;
But General Washington, George by name,
Kept their spirits high, all the same.

Walking and stumbling, no shoes on their feet,
All among them wondered which side would be beat:

As they lay down to rest, hoping they would not freeze,

There was no more to think about than the whistling breeze.

As the morning would come, all the men would arise,

Get dressed, eat breakfast (it is cold, no surprise);
They would polish their weapons, with diligence and pride.

Not stopping to ponder how many would die.

Unfortunately now, it is time to make haste,
They must go to battle, not a minute to waste,
But not a man living within this huge gorge,
Wishes to fight, here in Valley Forge!

Spenser Aden

While Walking

As is my custom, I take Dolci and Raven out for a walk every night. Barking his approval, Raven greets me at the door, and Dolci joins in. When I open the gate, Raven runs out, and Dolci, being much older, follows at a trot. As usual, Raven cuts through the hedge, and Dolci and I walk to the street by the driveway and later turn into the practice field. Casey, the neighbor's dog, barks from his yard when I am with the dogs because he knows Dolci will chase him away if he comes closer. The two dogs sniff around the bushes until we finally reach the tennis courts. I recollect walking to school this morning along the same path. Then, I had a test on my mind, but now I do not need to think about any of that. About this time, Dolci finds an old tennis ball hidden for months and awaits my throw. The throw is close, but out of deference Raven lets Dolci have it. We proceed down the walk to the bottom of Wilson where I have to call the dogs back to wait for the passing of a car. The trees make a nice silhouette against the moon. Maybe I should try to make a silkscreen out of that. A jogger comes running by and attracts mine and Raven's attention so that I have to call the dog back. When we arrive back home, the dogs wait at the gate; I give them a pat, open the gate, and put them in the tool room for the night until they come out for breakfast the next morning.

Andrew Schenker

Mothers

Mothers do things
they do not
want to do.

They do things
For us
They do not
want to do.

and
They make us
do things
We do not
want to do

Billy Rolfe

Time

What is time?

*Time is that rigorous standard by which
our lives are led,*

*Time is the moment when to go, or when to come,
or when it will be over, or how long it will last;*

*Time is a person being born, maturing, and
dying;*

*Time is the flourishing and ending of entire
civilizations;*

Time is the sun setting and rising;

*Time is the seasons changing from summer
to autumn to winter to spring—on*

and on unceasingly;

*Time is the moon and the stars moving
across the night sky;*

*Time is a flower blooming, then wilting—
or a leaf floating to the ground;*

Time is all of this and so much more,

*Yet most of all, time is a brief
glimpse of eternity, created by God
for whom there is no beginning or end.*

Alex Grimsley

La Navidad de Carlos

Carlos es un pequeño chico que vive en México. Es nueve días antes de la Navidad, y Carlos está muy emocionado. El y su familia están decorando su casa con flores. Usan flores en vez de las siemprevivas porque hace calor a este tiempo del año en México. Los nueve días antes de la Navidad se llaman La Pasada. Durante La Pasada, los miembros de la familia representan la busca de María y José un cuarto en la primera Navidad. En esta noche, Carlos y su hermano guían a sus padres alrededor en su casa, y en cada cuarto preguntan si pueden entrar, pero sus padres no lo permiten. Cuando Carlos y su hermano llegan al cuarto con el altar, se admiten. Los chicos ponen figuras de María y José en el Nacimiento hasta la Nochebuena.

Después de la Pasada, hay una hora social. El padre de Carlos invita a algunas otras familias dentro de su patio para romper una pinata. La pinata cuelga de una rama de un árbol y está llena de los regalos y dulces. Los chicos tienen que esperar hasta que la cena esté terminada para romper la pinata. Durante la cena Carlos mira la pinata, y finalmente la cena termina. Carlos y los otros chicos están cenados y toman vueltas, tratando de romper la pinata. Carlos está primero y trata de romper la pinata con un palo pero no tiene éxito. Los otros chicos no tienen éxito tampoco. Es la vuelta de Carlos otra vez, y esta vez, rompe la pinata. Los regalos y las dulces caen, y todos los chicos corren hacia ellos.

Carlos espera hasta que los Reyes Magos le traigan una nueva bicicleta. En La Nochebuena, los padres de Carlos dicen, "Feliz Navidad!" y Carlos se duerme. Suena de su nueva bicicleta.

Richard Duncan

A Dieter's Tragedy

*Food, food, everywhere and not a bite to eat,
For I am on a diet and I shall not, will not, cannot
eat.
I am ninety pounds overweight and fifty-nine
years old.*

*My doctor says I will have a heart attack,
It is all just a matter of time.
But who gives a damn what the doctor says,
And the hell with this diet plan!
'Cause all I want to do is eat and eat, eat 'til the
end of time.*

*Oh! the lasagna, the pudding, the burgers, the
shakes, and pork chops, the pasta, the pizza
and steaks, the beer, the chili, the fried
chicken and french fries, and do not forget the
hot fudge pies!*

*It is bliss! It is bliss! What can I say while I sit in
this chair rotting away . . .*

*But I do not seem to have any friends except this
five-foot bologna and rye,
Why does not someone try to stop me?
Do you all want me to die?
Well, if you do not care, then I do not care;
I might as well have another strawberry pie.
Ooops! I think I might have gained another fifteen
pounds—*

*Who cares?
But I think I am starting to worry,
I Cannot tell a lie,
Because the doctor told me yesterday
He thinks I am going to die.*

George Bueno

Oak Tree

As spring comes,
The oak grows green foliage;
The wind and rain often toss the tree back and
forth,
But the tree survives.

Summer arrives,
And the oak continues to grow;
Storms and heat attack the tree,
But the tree survives.

When autumn comes,
The leaves of the oak turn bright colors.

The weather gets colder and frost becomes
frequent,
But the tree survives.

In winter,
The oak is bare in the middle of white emptiness;
Ice and snow now threaten the oak,
But the tree survives.

Years pass by and the oak still survives,
Until one fall a young man arrives;
He proceeds to chop the oak with an axe;
Shaking with each stroke, the tree finally falls in
one final whack.

Mabo Kono

Winter

*The arrival of winter,
Peculiar to the New England colonies,
Alone carries the dropping of the mercury to
oblivion,
And the stirring of the Great North's Breath.*

*Only in this fierce reason
The continuous cycle of warming life
Appears to be in complete extermination,
On account of the absence of the golden light,
Which once warmed the earth with its charm.*

*The repetitious sigma,
Like the chilling snows of the arctic region,
Or the coming of winter's stalagmites,
Are all evident parts of winter's exterior.*

*The once inevitability of winter,
Though it inevitably disappears from the complex
of New England,
And once more the charm
Of that once absent golden sun appears,
Along with the renovation of life.*

Mark Atkinson



New Orleans

Mike Hughes

And The Holiest Shall Prevail

The night is dark, and the black air seems to
hover above the ground. Death permeates the
forest, daring an unwary traveler to wander into
its clutches.

Tonight Death is personified, for eight small
black elves wait in ambush. They are the Drow,
most feared of all evil spirits and servants of
Zolth the Spider-Goddess. Few meet them and
live to tell about it. Their leader dressed in pure
white advances boldly down the dark path. He
radiates a burning brightness of purity and
holiness.

As if not realizing his impending doom, the man
advances, and the Drow leader emits a hideous
shriek as the signal to attack. Five Drow im-
mediately rush headlong toward the unsuspecting
man. A deep, resonating voice emanates from the
man's body, saying, "Begone you worshippers of
a false god; lest I, Uncarr, destroy you!" Out of
thin air a mass of swirling blades kills the five
black elves before they can respond. Their
comrades, however, respond in kind. From the
hands of the Drow leader, three arrows streak
forth to hit Uncarr. Blood oozes from his wounds
to join that of the dead Drow at his feet. The other
two Drow shoot poisoned arrows that bounce off
Uncarr's white suit. Uncarr throws a smelly,
yellow substance at the two Drow who shot the
arrows. From the sky, a huge column of fire
strikes the Drow, reducing them to a small pile of
ashes. The Drow leader, realizing he faces no
ordinary traveler, throws a sticky peice of thread
at Uncarr. The thread grows and expands to
become a huge web which entangles him,
allowing the Drow to escape.

"Flee while you may, scum of Hell," cries
Uncarr, slowly removing himself from the sticky
web. "I will soon remove you and all your kind
from the earth! The Scriptures say, 'And the
Holiest shall overcome all evil in the land.'"
Uncarr says a prayer and touches his wounds. He
continues on his way, unscathed, as if nothing
had happened.

The sun rises brightly over the castle, and ac-
tivities of all sorts begin. Everything is done in a
military manner; the armory is filled, the mess
hall is stocked, the walls are manned, and the
blacksmith is at work making weapons.

As the sun approaches its midday zenith,
Uncarr walks up to the castle walls. As soon as he
steps within an arrow's range, a guard challenges
him: "Yield and identify yourself!" Uncarr
replies, "I am the High Priest Uncarr of the
Temple of the Only Faithful. I have come to seek
the aid of the Aquarians on my Holy Quest." The
guard tells him, "You may enter," and he escorts
Uncarr to the court of the wizard Ita, the leader of
the fighter sect called the Aquarians.

Uncarr pleads his case to Ita: "Throughout my
life, I have gathered and studied the Holy
Scriptures, which were scattered about the world
1000 years ago. I have gathered every chapter
except one. In each chapter I have found a deep
moral or religious teaching. I have only one
chapter left to recover, but it is in a temple
coveted by the agents of evil. This final chapter, I
expect, will explain the relationships in the
previous chapters. If you aid me, I promise you
will receive a liberal share of the treasure we
capture."

Ita ponders his request, finally saying, "We are
sorely pressed for men because we expect an
invasion from the East, but we can spare two
people and they will accompany you. These two
people are Acheron, a useless illusionist, and
Hador, one of our best men at arms. In return for
their services, you must forfeit to them all of any
treasure you find." Uncarr agrees, and they
begin their journey.

After explaining the logistics of their journey,
Uncarr begins the trek to the temple with his
two companions. Acheron asks about where they
are going: "Uncarr, are there many persons
whom we will have to fight?" "Yes," says Un-
carr. Acheron asks, "Will it be dangerous?"
"Yes," Uncarr replies again. "Then why am I
here risking my life for you?" Acheron wonders.
Hador says in a gruff voice, "Because Ita told you
to; do you want to cross the greatest wizard on

earth?" "No," Acheron meekly replies. "Be
quiet! We are here," Uncarr tells them.

A tall black tower rises from the road. It seems
withered with age yet also invulnerable to time
and man. Black elves on the ramparts look for any
trespassers who might steal their treasure.

Acheron shrinks back in terror, "You did not tell
us we would be facing the Drow. We are sure to
be killed. Under no circumstances will I help you
attack that citadel!" Hador asks, "Would you
rather face the wrath of Ita instead of the Drow?"
"Yes, a thousand times over, yes!" Acheron
shrieks. Uncarr says, "Leave him here for a Drow
patrol to capture; then he will not have to face Ita.
They will enjoy killing him slowly." Acheron
thinks a moment, then says, "I think I will be
safer with you."

Uncarr, Hador, and Acheron begin their attack.
They run toward the temple as arrows hail down
upon them. Acheron stops for a moment, motions
frantically with his hands, and begins to run
again. A fog appears and obscures the vision of
the archers on the roof. Without breaking stride,
Hador throws his weight upon the door. It breaks
into a million tiny splinters. Two Drow attempt to
stop Hador, only to be sliced in half by a glowing
sword in his hand. The defenders try to put up
stiff resistance to the attack but are quickly
crushed. The crusaders fight through until only
ten very powerful Drow are left. Hador and
Uncarr engage in single combat while Acheron
points three fingers of each hand at the Drow.
Beams of light leap forth from his hands and
knock four Drow unconscious. Acheron im-
mediately dives under a table for "protection."
Uncarr utters a Holy word which inflicts agony on
the Drow; they are knocked unconscious. Acheron
immediately pulls out a dagger and stabs each
Drow in the back. Uncarr hastily retrieves his
chapter of the Holy Scriptures. After reading it
more than a dozen times, Uncarr looks aghast.
"There is no deeper meaning," he whines. "It
says that the stories were written purely to en-
tertain the reader."

Craig Franklin

Time and Time

"This is Alpha 2382N97. We are about to enter the galactic core."

"This is Alpha command. Proceed with caution Captain, this area is uncharted."

This is the captain's twenty-third trip into deep space with his crew of three and the research ship *Andromeda*. However, this trip is a little different, for they will be venturing into the galactic core, an area densely populated by stars and other more bizarre phenomena. Only one ship has gone there before; the starcruiser *Repulse* which vanished twenty years before. What is the reason behind this dangerous mission? The Empire had monitored a tremendous burst of radiation and wanted to know what it was. The Captain's loyalty to the Empire was unquestioned; therefore, he was chosen to do this job, for the empire was suspicious about this area. Legends hold it that twenty thousand years ago, scientists had come out of the core from an unknown planet called Earth and founded what was, now the Empire. The Emperor was taking no chances on other mysterious people appearing and destroying his Empire.

"Switch off the warp fabricator and antimatter engines. We'll have to use iron rockets through here."

"Done Captain. We're now traveling at about 4 parsecs an hour," replied the Engineer.

"Stay sharp at the navigation controls. We don't want to run into anything."

"Right captain," said the Navigator.

"Okay, let's see what we see."

The Captain mused silently. He was confident about the capability of his crew, but anything could happen in the core of the Galaxy.

Suddenly a yell from his navigator brought him back to his senses.

"Captain, we're under the gravitational pull of a neutron star!"

"Cut on the warp fabricator and take us out of here!" the Captain tersely replied.

"But, captain, there's no telling where we'll land," the Navigator yelled.

"Well have to take the chance, now move."

The Concept of Winning In College Athletics

"Nice guys finish last."

"Winning is everything, losing is nothing."

"Winning is the only reward for playing the game."

These three preceding statements reflect modern society's view of winning. We all look for a winner yet we never look for those who strive beyond their abilities, the true winners of the world. The world of college athletics best mirrors this attitude. Within the past decade the cheating of some major universities and colleges has become so prevalent that the very sense of the competition itself is distorted. The idea of the student-athlete has all but diminished into the mere concept of athlete. Forged transcripts, under the table dealings, joke courses in order to keep the athlete in school have all contributed to the farcical world of college athletics. What is the purpose in all this? To allow a great athlete to play football or basketball at a major university and allow him to founder in his stupidity? To allow a great athlete to play the sport, win a few games for the school, and then fall into humiliation after his graduation day? Yes, he may become a professional, but if he does not, then what? For this to happen to an athlete is nothing more of a crime. The only explanation for this absurdity is that the teams must be winners. The only people to blame are ourselves. It is we who demand the winners, we, the supporters of college athletics. It is we who put the pressure on the university to find a winner, and if it must be done, the universities and colleges will resort to dishonesty. If we do not have winners to cheer for and boast about, a part of our very nature is gone. Where has our sense of decency gone? How long will we, the responsible ones, allow this kind of disgrace to

replied the Captain who was irritated at having his orders questioned.

The ship *Andromeda* blinked out just in time to avoid crashing only to reappear in the event horizon of a huge black hole. As the tiny spaceship slid down the gravity well of the black hole, it collapsed in on itself. Molecules broke apart and atoms collided. Finally even electrons were driven into the nuclei of their atoms as the immense gravitational tides present in all black holes took control. The starship *Andromeda* was crushed out of existence.

In a different area of space-time the same tiny ship re-materialized. Slowly the crew regained consciousness.

The Engineer was the first to awake. He looked around slowly and wondered what happened. Wondering if he would have to take command of the ship, he said,

"Captain, are you all right?"

"I'm okay," replied the Navigator.

"Same here captain," said the Scientist.

"What happened?" the Captain asked as he wondered what would come next.

"Apparently we space-warped right into a black hole. I guess the conjectures about black holes being 'wormholes' to different area of space and different periods of time are correct," mused the Scientist.

"Where are we?" asked the Captain anxiously.

The Navigator, after checking her instruments, replied, "We're in one of the outer arms of the Galaxy. To our left is a medium size, yellow star with nine planets orbiting it. The third planet has an extremely large amount of radio waves coming from it. Behind us is a small black hole where, we apparently came from."

"The radio waves could be coming from an artificial source constructed by intelligent beings" exclaimed the Scientist excitedly. "We must find out!"

"Set a course for the third planet and go into an orbit when we reach it," said the Captain calmly.

"Yes, sir," answered the Navigator as her fingers moved swiftly over the controls.

"Are the laser batteries and force field operational?" inquired the Captain.

"Fully energized, sir," reported the Engineer.

"According to our sensors, this planet is



Bullwinkle Randy Tibbott

carry on? In a frightening article recently printed in *Sports Illustrated*, Curry Kirkpatrick states that not only is cheating prevalent but the "disease" is contagious. Other competing schools must resort to the same deceiving methods in order to keep up. Maybe we should all turn from this ridiculousness and look to the brilliant words of Grantland Rice, who stated so simply yet so truly, "It is not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game."

Steve Anderson

inhabited by intelligent life!" exclaimed the Scientist. "The radio waves are from extensive communications systems which we are able to monitor. Strange, though, there are no records of an Empire outpost here; yet their language is extremely similar to ours. I suspect this to be the legendary planet Earth from which the founders of the Galactic Empire came from."

"We'll maintain orbit here for a week observing the lifestyle of these people; meanwhile, see if Alpha Command cannot be contacted," said the Captain.

"Yes, sir," answered the Navigator.

The starship *Andromeda* is apparently lost to the Empire. Alpha Command, after many failures at obtaining a communications link with the ship and a useless search about the perimeter of the Galactic core, has already reported the loss to the Emperor.

Meanwhile the crew of the *Andromeda* is competently researching this planet they are orbiting. Apparently the people of the planet are divided into two political blocs, one in the East and one in the West. Great tensions exist between the two factions. At the end of their fifth night of monitoring, a massive movement of troops across the border of East and west is seen.

"Captain, war has broken out on the planet!" exclaimed the Scientist.

"So, wars happen everywhere," replied the Captain uninterestedly.

"You don't understand. These people are so advanced that they possess weapons capable of destroying their world but not advanced enough to refrain from their use. We are about to witness the self-extinction of an entire civilization," said the Scientist sadly.

Six hours after the opening of hostilities, the first nuclear release was detected. Two days later the planet below the ship was a lifeless, barren wasteland. Unrestricted, strategic, thermonuclear bombing had taken its toll.

"Our planet, the Earth," whispered the Scientist painfully.

"What?" demanded the Captain.

"Captain, the sensors show no life forms. The planet is dead," said the Scientist tiredly.

"Fine. But how do we get back to the Galactic core and discover the source of that radiation blast?" replied the Captain.

"You just witnessed the source of the radiation, Captain, a thermonuclear war. When we went through the black hole, we were transported to a time before the radiation wave. Apparently it got to the Galactic core the same way we got here, through a black hole. Our only chance to return to the right time and place is back through the same black hole," answered the Scientist.

"But might we not end up in the wrong time totally?" asked the Captain.

"It's a risk we'll have to take," said the Scientist.

"Cut on the warp fabricators and set a course for the black hole on the edge of the solar systems," ordered the Captain.

The Engineer and the Navigator quickly obeyed and the starship began its second perilous journey through space-time by means of a black hole. The starship reappeared back at the Galactic core; but despite their hardest efforts, the crew could find no trace of the Empire.

"What could have happened to the Empire that there is no trace of it left?" inquired the confused Captain.

"The Empire has not been founded yet," said the Scientist.

"What?" asked the Captain.

"We have been transported to the time before the Empire. We must build the Empire. We are the travelers from Earth that the old legends speak of!" exclaimed the Scientist.

Thus the four people begin the hard and lonely job of building a Galactic Empire. Twenty thousand years later a tremendous burst of radiation is monitored from the Galactic core and a worried Emperor sends a research ship named *Andromeda* to investigate with its crew of a Captain, a Navigator, an Engineer, and a Scientist.

Beating The Odds

*It was a sunny day on the sixth of November,
So long ago, I can scarcely remember;
But two powerful teams met on that day
Coach Elliott's Red, and Coach Gideon's Gray.*

*The red team was filled with the best J.V.'s,
While the gray team contained the rejectees.
Even though the Reds seemed number one,
Never, ever count out the J.V. "scum."*

*The quarter began, the Red had the ball,
The first play from scrimmage, the defense was
mauled;
It was Lex Harvey off tackle and through the huge
hole,
And before the Grey knew it, nine yards he had
strolled.*

*But two plays later, terror would hit
Jeff Gaw stole the ball, Coach Elliott threw a fit;
He ran down field, for thirty yards and a score.
The Grays had done it, who could ask for more?*

*On the next set of downs, again the Red fumbled.
Another Gray touchdown? No, he stumbled.*

*But quarterback Gaw led them down field,
And a second Gray touchdown, Could the victory
be sealed?*

*The Gray thought so, but not the Red.
Behind the arm of Morales, downfield the team
sped;
Just before halftime, it finally was happening,
The Red team scored, the fans started clapping.*

*The second half was different completely,
The defenses took over, stopping the offenses
neatly;
The devious calls of Ernest Franklin, the red D
captain,
Shocked both coaches, the teams, even Franklin.*

*The Gray offense was shut down the whole third
quarter,
The fired up Red defense stood as though as
mortar;
But the Gray defense was not outclassed,
Albright, their captain, used the fire and the
Blast.*

*Both offenses were stalled until eight minutes left
in the game;*

*The Red team punt went to the Gray ten, the Gray
offense was lame,
But the scrappy offense took possession,
And for the next seven minutes, went on a 50 yard
possession.*

*Keeping the ball on the ground and up the
middle,
The Gray offense chipped at the clock, little by
little,
But turned over the ball with one minute
remaining,
The Red tried passing down field, the Gray
secondary containing.*

*But it was fourth and ten, a very crucial decision,
They must pull off a play, with the utmost
precision;
The ball was snapped, Morales dropped back
Maddux, Rollins, and Brothers got the sack.*

*The time ran out, the game was over;
The Gray team won, with the luck of the clover.
And an upset was pulled off in the Grapenuts
Bowl;*

The moral of the story, scrubs will always roll.

Scott Albright

North Willow

Several years ago, the North Willow Farms Country Club sponsored a ski trip to Jacksonale Basin, a ski resort in Wyoming consisting of the Three Mountain Range. Three of my friends, Eany Yume, Jeff Zipes, John McKay and I decided to sign up.

On December 19th, twenty people who had signed up boarded an American Airline jet for Cheyenne, Wyoming. After arriving in Cheyenne, we all crammed into a bus and headed for Jacksonale. The next day, we finally hit the slopes. Each group of four people was assigned a counselor. Our counselor's name was Jack Daniel (no relation to the owner of the whiskey distillery). That first day was a real blast and furthermore, there were no injuries, except for a few sore legs and pulled ligaments. The second day was even more fun because we spent more time on our skis than on our bottoms.

On the third day, Jack could not make it out of bed. He took a terrible spill when he hit a bump in the slope while watching a girl ski gracefully by. Since my friends and I did not want to stay inside, we decided to try the slopes on our own.

At the top of the slopes, Eany and I separated from John and Jeff. While we were skiing Eany took a pretty bad spill. He said he was all right, except that his knee felt a little funny. He always had bad knees; he would often have to sit out of baseball games because of his knee. We made it down the slope without any more mishaps. At the bottom I suggest to Eany that we stop and have

his knee examined. However, Eany insisted that his knee was all right.

We again went to the top of the slope and began skiing down again. We decided to take a different slope on this run. While we were skiing, I noticed that it had begun to snow. I also noticed that there were few people skiing. We continued to ski, but it became harder and harder to see where we were going. Then suddenly, Eany let out a bloodcurdling scream and toppled in the snow. As soon as I reached him, I immediately knew what had happened; his knee had given out, thereby breaking his leg. I also noticed some of his leg bone protruding through his skin. Geez, was I in a fix! After much quick thinking, I decided to go for help.

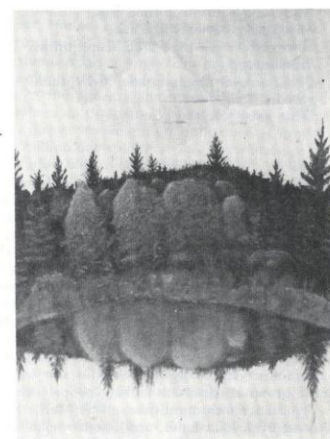
As I was skiing, it finally dawned on me that the reason why nobody was skiing was because of a blizzard that was coming. And it just had to come right then. I continued to ski as fast as I could although I could not see where I was going. I then heard a bell ringing a little to my right, so I changed directions and headed toward the sound of the bell. (It was normal procedure for a ski lodge to ring its bell during heavy snow). However, while I was skiing, the sound of the bell shifted to my left. I again switched directions and continued on. The bell again shifted, this time right behind me! I gave up following the bell, and continued on my own.

I finally reached the ski lodge, but it was now completely dark. I then rushed to the ski patrol office and inquired if any of the patrol had brought in Eany. I thought the patrol would most likely have found Eany by now. However, the lady said there was no person by the name of Eany recovered; furthermore the last of the patrol had

come in several hours earlier. I then rushed to the lodge's hospital, but again, there was no person by the name of Eany recorded in their books. There was our last chance: the patrol helicopter was about to come back in from its final patrol of the day.

As I sat sullenly in the hospital's waiting room for what seemed years, I finally heard the whir of the helicopter. I rushed outside just in time to see them wheel a body into the intensive care unit. To my great relief, it was Eany. After nervously pacing the floor of the waiting room for several hours, a nurse came out and told me that his leg bone was in pretty bad shape and he had some frost bite, but that he would be all right. That is all I wanted to know.

On the plane back from that eventful trip, I asked Eany how he had been found. This is what he said, "I was in half a daze when this old man with a grizzled beard and worn out jacket came up to me and began examining me. He looked kinda like one of those old-time miners. I might've been dreaming, but I don't think so. Then he poured some hot liquid down my throat, and then sat by me. When the helicopter came over me, he began jumping up and down waving his coat. At this point I blacked out. When I woke up, I asked for the old man, his name was Josiah Swenson. The doctor looked at me real strange like, and then told me to sleep some more." I later found out that Josiah Swenson was one of the miners who were killed in the explosion of the Cooper's mine back in 1832.



Reflection Paul Tidwell

Henry

Henry was a good young man,
Born and raised in a small, poor town;
He worked and worked on his small land
Where he learned to bring a hammer down.

With arms of steel and straining face
He would drop his hammer upon the rail,
And never having lost one race
All would try to make him fail.

They would taunt and tease him
With tricks up their sleeves,
But Henry would just laugh at them
And then bid their leave.

And one day while giving it all he had got,
An envious lesser walked up and fired the fatal
shot.

Lex Harvey

Music

*It is not seen, but heard.
It has many voices,
A lyre, a man, a bird.
It is different to all
That experience it.*

*It is frail as the morning sun,
And as harsh as the fire of guns.
It appeals to the simplest creatures,
And subdues the wildest of beasts.*

*It moved Pluto to mercy,
As it freed Eurydice
From the gates of dismal Hades,
Into Orpheus' backward glance.*

It is Music.

Robert Todd

End or Beginning

When we meet our maker,
The skies will grow black.
It will come quite unexpectedly,
The good book tells us that.

The cries will be horrendous,
But joy will not be gone.
People will sit with dazed eyes,
And faces very long.
For they will have met their Creator,
And wish they had not done wrong.

Christ died a long time ago,
To save His children's sins;
But many paid no heed,
And they will be swept up by the winds.

But those who have been true Christians,
Will be filled with joy and love;
They will enter the gates of Heaven,
Guided on high by a dove.

We all have one true Father,
He is called by many names;
And when He makes His judgment,
The unrighteous will bear the pain.

Rob Bomar

The Wizard of Camp

Once (or twice) upon a time, there lived in Kansas Kounty a little girl named Meryl, who lived with her Auntie Ell, Uncle Henery, and her cutsie-pie little dog, a foxy terrier named Rover, on their farm. Everyday after school, Meryl would sit and ponder about all the great things in the world that she could not see or do-do. She even sang a song about it:

"Someplace over the dung-heap, way up high,
There's a place that I heard of once from a drunken guy.
Someplace over the dung-heap, rent is due,
And the dreams that you dare to dream never do come true.
Someday, I'll wish upon a debt, and wake up where the
ground is wet, around me.
Where problems wash like rusted pots,
Away above the tree that rots,
That's where you'll find me,
Someplace over the dung-heap, brown flies flee,
Flies flee over the dung-heap, why, then,
oh why, can't we?
Why, then, oh why, can't we?"

One day, after Meryl came home from school, she and Rover were all alone except Herbert, who seemed unusually large that day. Well, a freak of Nature (and it's not nice to call her names) called Summer Vacation, hit, and Meryl and Rover found themselves in a strange place on a bus, turning into the place called Camp. Martha, the bus driver, leftily turned deft and gropped near some stass. Meryl got out and looked around, and saw a whole bunch of little, tiny people, who quickly gathered around her. They were talking to each other, trying to figure out who she was, when a group of important-looking people came up. The leader introduced himself as Matt, the Mayor of Munchkin Land, and another man as Mark, the vice-mayor. He was in charge of all the vice. The other leading citizens were Naomi and Renee, the chairmen of the Ladies' Finger Painting Society, and David, the owner of Hirsh

Burger. Meryl quickly discovered that she had killed someone with her enormous feet when she had gotten out of the bus. It was the wicked Phantom of the East. All the munchkins, and their children, the K'Toni, were rejoicing, for the Phantom of the East had always been mean to them. She used to make them get out of Free Swim early and had juice and crackers force-fed to them. Just then, Pam, the good Specialist from the North arrived in a soap bubble and told Meryl (in a bubbly voice) that she must be very powerful to have slain the mighty Phantom, or at least clumsy, and she gave Meryl the croaked Phantom's magical Purple Pro-Keds. Just then, or about that time, the wicked Phantom of the West appeared and told Meryl that she wanted those Pro-Keds, and she would get them, and her little dog, too, and her fiddlers, three.

Meryl told Pam that she wanted to find her way back to Kansas Kounty. Pam told her the only man wise enough to help her was Jeff, the whimsical wizard of Camp. Then Pam showed Meryl the way to get to see the Wiz. She had to follow the muddy, brown path. Meryl must have still been confused because she had to repeat that phrase many a time. Meryl went on her way with Rover and met at first a pair of young ladies fighting around a weirdly colored house. She found out that they were named Robyn the Pink and Esther the Red. They were fighting about the color of their house. Robyn wanted it to be pink and Esther wanted it red. They probably would have fought endlessly, if sweet Meryl hadn't been there. She promptly pulled out her Magnum .44 and gunned them both down because she hated to see such cruelty and intolerance. Then Meryl met along the path a skinny scarecrow named Beth. Beth told Meryl that she was upset because she didn't have a drain for all the crow remnants (excrements) in her field. So Meryl told Beth to come with her to see Jeff, the Wiz, who could help her get a drain, or at least a rubber duckie.

So, they joyously went through the woods singing:

"We're nuts to see the Wizard, the whimsical Wizard of Camp,
We hear that he's a Dizz of a Wiz, if even a Wiz there is,
If even, oh even, a Dizz there is, the Wizard of Camp is
one (Gee Whiz!) because, because,
because, because, because,
because of the whimsical things he does.
We're nuts to see the Wizard, the whimsical Wizard of Camp."

Then Meryl, Beth, and Rover passed by a sparkling, clear pool, by which three lovely maidens were a 'standin'. Carol, Connie, and Freya. They introduced themselves as the Guardians of the Pool. Meryl asked if they could drink from the pool and quaff their thirsts because the beans in their whistles were dry. However, Connie flatly said no unless they sat in a chair for 15 minutes with a visor and a whistle. Our heroes declined and went on their merry (or Meryl) way. Then, Meryl, Rover, and Beth came upon a man in a dented armor suit stuck by a mulchy and muchly dented car. They inquired as to his trouble and found that he was called the Tin Woodsman and that he had just plowed his car into a tree and he desperately needed a life-long insurance policy for his car. So, not being able to find one, they asked him to come along with them to see the Wiz. So they all went down the muddy, brown path singing that idiotic song.

Then, the good guys passed a group of bushes covered with brownies. Meryl went to pick one, but the bushes were animated from afar (or maybe anear) by the Wicked Phantom of the West and the bushes started pelting our heroes with brownies. They disparagingly dispersed before they were brownied to death. After a while, our band (led by Glen Miller) of merry travelers was well into the deepest, darkest part of the woods, the

frog path, and they heard a defeaning, defining, and defeating roar. It was the cowardly counselor, Scott. He said that he was frightened by all kinds of nasty and rowdy kids. He asked if they had any spare whips and chairs to keep his kids in line. Meryl, as you may have guessed, suggested he go with them to see Jeff. So, (with a needle, yet) they all went down the path, singing that inane song.

Meanwhile, the Wicked Phantom of the West was watching all this through her crystal punch bowl and decided to slow Meryl even more on her journey. She placed some sneezing powder in a field of poppy-corn just outside the Zircon City, where the Wiz lives. So, being hungry, our heroes greedily gorged their gizzards with pound upon pound of poppy-corn, and soon, they were sneezing themselves silly and couldn't get anywhere. But luckily, or even by chance, Pam, whose voice was now normal due to therapy with Esther, the resident speech therapist and part-time gum chewer, sent down a shower of Kleenex so they could blow their noses and think straight. Finally, they arrived in Zircon City and were warmly welcomed by Alan, the interior decorator; Al, the choreographer; and Scot, the maintenance guy. After having spruced and elmed up, they made a journey to the office of the Wizard at the center of beautiful downtown Zircon City. At his outer office, they encountered the Wiz's secretary, Valerie. She looked up from her jacks game and told them to go away and not bother the Wiz. But then, she saw the powerful Purple Pro-Keds of Meryl's and let them all in to see the Wiz.

They told the Wiz what they wanted; he said he would get them what they wanted if they killed the Wicked Phantom of the West, which is what he wanted so he could be the top magic guy in Camp. And to prove that they definitely did the deed, they needed to procure the Phantom's toilet paper and shaving cream. So, disheartened, disillusioned, and dis is gettin' dumb, they set off to find the Wicked Phantom of the West. Well, by this time, the Phantom sent for James, Larry, and Karin, the leaders of the flying donkeys. (Laurie and Paul were out of town) She sent them to capture Meryl. They and their donkeys got her and brought her to the Phantom's castle. Her companions searched in vain for her (both the jugular and renal). They looked high and low (both pavilions). Finally, they decided to follow the trail of the donkeys by their decidedly disgusting droppings. They broke into the castle by disguising themselves as donkeys, which wasn't very hard for them to do. After rescuing Meryl from Larry's wretched schedules, they were almost free to escape when lo and behold (even Pledge), the Phantom appeared and was about to decimate the entire crew when Meryl reached for the only thing handy, a (e, i, o, u, and sometimes y) lice disposal canister, which was slightly cracked. Meryl mightily maneuvered the massive missile and hit the Phantom in the midsection. Almost immediately the Phantom disappeared with a loud crunching sound. For (or five) little (or big) did Meryl know that the Phantom was made of Lice Chow and was gobbled up post-haste, if not posthumously by the lice. The donkeys were rejoicing because they didn't like the Phantom, either, and the pay was low. They gave Meryl all the toilet paper and shaving cream she could carry. The good guys went back to Jeff and he promptly packed his bags and headed for the nearest plane out of Camp. But, Beth and Meryl stopped him with a pleasant surprise dinner. They made him face the music (Chopin's Minute Waltz). Jeff, then promptly dealt (from the bottom of the deck) with all the problems. He put Beth in charge of all the Munchkins and the Flying Donkeys. Jeff gave Joe an indestructible van and put him in charge of the Junior Woodsmen. He gave the Cowardly Counselor a soft, roving Counselorship. But as for Meryl, Jeff could not find any way to get her back to her home. So, instead, he made her his right (and even left) hand girl in charge of almost all of Camp, and they all lived a somewhat boring existence.

The End of an Era

Paul Kornman

Four Golden Apples

*As I walked into the room,
I immediately found
Four golden apples,
Each lying around.*

*My eyes, they enlightened,
For together they found
Four golden apples,
Each formerly bound.*

*As I drew near the treasure,
My hands dexterously found
Four golden apples,
Meant not for the ground.*

*My hands knew what to do
With the treasure they found,
Four golden apples
Each never set down.*

*The sound was tremendous,
As the teeth had now found
Four golden apples,
For eating around.*

Todd Helm

The Final Pitch of Bloody Horror

"Because it's there," was Robert Samwell's usual response. "A mountain that beautiful just has to be conquered." Robert Samwell was a nice man in his late twenties. He had a degree in law, and mountain climbing had become a serious hobby for him. He had led several climbs of up to 10,000 feet.

I stood gazing at the majestic peak looming in the deep blue sky. What a thrill it must be to stand at the summit and be the first man to conquer the mountain. Many had tried, giving the peak the nickname "Bloody Horror." But the mountain was more a Mount Everlasting to me. It seemed so calm and tranquil. I turned to Robert who stood in awe watching the mountain lie among the distant pines. Robert was a gentle man with firm goals. His usual joviality was replaced with the sternness of his physical training. I began wondering about Robert. The mountain had become an obsession with him. He seemed to put the mountain before all else lately, as if nothing else mattered. Many men had criticized his training program as being overly severe.

Our crew would consist of twelve men. Three men would hopefully reach the summit—myself, Robert, and a man by the name of Carl Anderson. We all felt ready for the climb that would take place in eight days, but I had a strange apprehension that I could not quite understand.

On the night before the climb, I lay awake thinking about Robert and what we were to do. Robert was certainly capable to lead the climb and yet...

I wondered about the mountain. So gentle and beautiful the peak seemed that it hardly could be capable of taking men's lives. It was hard to imagine that so captivating a mountain could be so unrelenting.

On the morning of the departure, Robert woke up with a gleam in his eye. "Nothing will stop me," he said. "I will be the first man to set foot on the summit of Mount Everlasting." This feeling seemed to inhabit all of us. That mountain was just meant to be conquered. I thought about the climb. It was to be made in three short pitches. The deception of the relative shortness of the climb had been the folly of the previous climbers.

Soon we prepared to leave. All twelve of us easily completed the first pitch, which was basically a steep hike. We soon passed the timberline, and I watched in amazement the beckoning summit. We set up camp and awaited the morning.

When the sun rose we left three men in charge of radio contact and mountain rescue for the second pitch. This pitch was more complex, involving four climbs requiring the utmost endurance.

Listening

Different opinions, thoughts, and philosophies,
Encountered each and every day,
Ready to be heard by the listener,
—If only we remember to listen.

Thoughts on life and the way it should be lived,
How moral? How conservative? How com-
passionate?
An open forum to the listener,
—If only we remember to listen.

Agree or disagree, it makes no difference,
Total harmony cannot produce;
Opposing viewpoints need always be open to the
listener,
—If only we remember to listen.

Change must always be offered,
The conventional is not necessarily the best,
Change must be an open viaduct to the listener,
—If only we remember to listen.

Not only must change be considered,
But the past must not be forgotten,
For lessons are there to be learned by the listener,
—If only we remember to listen.

An open mind is creative,
A closed mind leads to destruction,
And such is the fate of man,
—When we forget to listen.

Ridley Wills

Christmas Season

*Jesus, the son of our eternal father,
Redeemer of our sins, and harbinger of truth,
Our salvation were you and our burdens did
You carry.
To the hill of Calvary and there did you die,
So that we may be saved and always rely
On the sacred omniscience of the God which
We worship,
Who loved us enough to send his only son,
To die in our stead, and let mankind
Be joined as one.
So throughout this, holy, holiday season,
Let us not forget the meaningful reason,
Why every December twenty-fifth is such
a special day.
For Jesus, our Saviour, lay in a manger this day.*

Knox Brewer

About halfway through the second pitch we realized that we would have to make the climb in four pitches rather than three. This decision appeared to affect Robert greatly. He kept repeating, "We cannot stop. We must push on." The more involved climbing seemed to have a sobering effect on us. However, Robert became more exhilarated.

After a strenuous day, we set up camp. That night was a cold one, and we began to feel the change of altitude.

Robert was up bright and early the next morning, planning our next moves. He became more and more obsessed with the mountain each day, and I worried about this. We left two more men at this camp, and the remaining seven of us continued on our way.

We began to see why the mountain was so difficult to conquer. I gazed in awe at hundred foot walls, with smooth rock faces glistening in the sunlight. Robert set up aid climbs, involving the use of the climbing gear itself rather than the use of the rock face. This process enabled us to climb otherwise impossible cliff faces. We spent the whole day doing three tedious climbs and finally arrived completely exhausted at the location of our third camp. Here we quickly set up tents and retired to sleep.

We woke the next morning to a raging blizzard, and we realized that the final pitch would have to wait. Radio contact with the rest of our expedition worsened. Robert became increasingly irritable, and cursed the mountain with a profane tongue. The blizzard lasted three days, but on the morning of the seventh day of our climb, the sun rose bright and beautiful.

We calmly but anxiously awaited the beginning of our last pitch. We left four men at the camp and began our final assault. Robert led the climb, setting a slow and steady pace. Almost immediately we had to take out our ice picks and secure ourselves with rope. We then came face to face with the "killer wall," which had taken the lives of four men from an earlier expedition, bringing their climb to an end. One hundred and fifty feet of over-hanging ice confronted us. I watched Robert, who was ecstatic with anticipation. Carl Anderson, the third man of our party, belayed Robert as he led the climb. He inserted numerous pitons into the ice wall to ensure his safety. He slipped once, but was quickly caught by Carl after a mere six-foot fall. Finally, Robert reached a ledge and gave the joyous yell "off belay." Soon came my signal and I, belayed by Robert from the top, began my climb. I fell seven times and my carabiners were well tested. I finally relieved Robert and belayed Carl.

After a fine beginning, it looked as if Carl would have no problems. Suddenly, however, he slipped. A blood-curdling scream followed,

echoing from peak to peak as the rope failed to catch him. Whether faulty carabiners or a poorly constructed swami seat was his folly, only God knows. I shuddered and writhed violently. Robert watched unperturbed and radioed in our accident. Men were sent up to collect what was left of the body, and on Robert's command we proceeded. The scream lingered in my head like a horrible nightmare.

Soon we reached the final assault of the mountain. From here there was no turning back. Robert had grown powerful and almost tyrannical and I began to fear his intentions. We climbed on and on, and I noticed that the weather was worsening again. I mentioned this to Robert, but he only became more determined to proceed. Soon we received a warning on our radio that we must return due to the weather. I began to plead with Robert that we turn back, but he refused. Finally, angered by the weather report, he tossed the radio into the ravine where it was demolished. I looked at Robert and saw a ferocious and threatening animal before me, replacing the gentle man that I had once known. I shuddered and became more and more terrified. I implored him, begged him, even threatened him; but he only became more stubborn.

It began to snow. At first, it was just a few flakes or an occasional flurry. Soon it became a raging blizzard. Robert kept going. Finally I left him and set out to return alone. The snow storm worsened, and I knew I would die. I gazed at the mountain. It was indeed a bloody horror. Everything was red. The snow turned to a red liquid. Blood ran over my body and soaked my skin.

James Taylor and his co-pilot John Sycamore flew in their helicopter searching for the two missing bodies.

"Well, it looks like Bloody Horror has taken two more. I don't see any sign of them," James told his co-pilot.

"Yep, I guess you're right." They continued flying over the next ridge.

"Wait a minute, John. What's that?" said James, pointing down in the snow.

"I don't know. Let's take a look," replied John. They flew slowly down and hovered over an area surrounded on all sides by ice.

"Well, there's not much left of him. He's more of a mangled mess than a human being," commented James. They flew closer and identified the man as Robert Samwell. "How far are we from the summit anyway?"

"It looks like not more than sixty feet to me," said John.

Aaron Isherwood

Land of The Nurserymen

Forty years strove the tribe of Ray the Baptist in the wilderness of their conference cellar, and prevailed they not, and manna had they none.

Each year when their crops were in, the best young men of their tribe gathered them on the field of battle, and their way was led by students ringing bells and banging drums, and young maidens of the tribe went before them to cheer them and the young maidens were exceedingly comely.

The young men were brave as lions and they had the faith of Job, who was of their tribe.

But their enemies were more than they . . . and mightier . . . and had costlier scholarships.

And the young men of the tribe of Ray the Baptist were put down, and they rent their clothes, and they covered themselves with ashes, and they cried out: "Wait'll next year!"

Year unto year . . . generation unto generation . . . they cried thus, and the people of their tribe mocked them and likened them unto welcome mats.

And then it came to pass that one of them called Tom . . . he of the house of Owen . . . returned to his people after years in a far country in the camps of the Eagles. "Give me your young men," he cried, "and I will glorify your name."

And the people answered him saying "Right on."

Once more the young men girded their loins and strove, but once again they prevailed not, and great was the despair in the camps on the hill.

But Tom of Owen told the people that the promised season was at hand, and the young men must try once more, and it was so.

And it came to pass that on the eve of battle as the young men adjusted their noseguards and the maiden cheered them and the bells were rung, a lowly unwashed scribe did mock them, saying their names should be called "Mama's Boys."

And great was their wrath . . .

And mighty were they all . . . even unto the least of them . . . and they rose up and smote their enemies, and their arms were victorious.

But when the messengers brought tidings of their great victory unto the camps on the hill, the people did say, "They won? We know them not. Must be a typographical error."

But it was so, and they did prevail again and again and again. Eight times they prevailed, and the people of the tribe of Tom of Owen did slay their fatted calves and did barbecue them and did decorate their trees with garlands of praise.

And unto Tom of Owen, who had led them out of the wilderness and into the land of milk and honey and public television, there was much fame.

Then it was that their tribe increased, and kinsmen who had left their camps to live among their enemies returned by night and pretended they had never been away. And they did have much feasting and roasting and did honor the name of Tom of the house of Owen.

And the fame of the tribe spread throughout the land and to the furthestest places . . . even unto McMinnville, which lies somewhere east of Eden and south of Bugtussle.

Where Is Peace?

I was sitting on the beach listening
To the sounds surrounding me.
I listened intently focusing on as
Many sounds as I possibly could.
There were the soft waves of the ocean
Running up onto the beach;
There were the fish jumping out of
The water, through the air, and back in;
There were the seagulls flapping
Gracefully through the air, along with
All the other birds singing melodiously;
And there was the wind rushing through
The beautiful palm trees.
I heard these and other soft, beautiful, and
Peaceful sounds which made me wonder:
Why cannot the world be as peaceful?

Mark Garfinkle



Lofty Appellations Mr. Zenanko

And the people of McMinnville bade them,
"Come unto us, brave young men. Bring with you
your cheering maidens and your bell ringers that
they may salute you with their hymns of
thanksgiving and praise. We will present to you
much feasting and golden watches.

And the people saw all this and marveled.
And how came all this to be?

In years to come, when the fires of glory have
once more flickered low in the hearts of the tribe
of Tom of Owen, leaders of the tribe will tell this
story . . .

"In the beginning, there was this lowly un-
washed scribe who did mock them and call them
"Mama's Boys" . . .

"How did they do it? With the help of the
fingerbones of an ass."

Adapted from "Land of Tangerines" by Roy
Thompson
The Charlotte Observer

Johnny Wagster

The Sky

The sky
Is a mass of grayness—black
Like bare concrete
And people—less park benches;
The emptiness so deep
Brings me down;
The soggy-skinned creatures of the earth
Smile to see

My humanity emerge from the boy.
I took pictures of the rain today
To save the tiny teardrops
For a day
When the sun is shining,
And the world
Will not let me
Cry.

Joe Cain

A Soft Wind

A soft wind blows
Over the newly planted crop;
A child chases a butterfly
Under the morning sun.

The hot stagnant air hangs
Over the constantly growing wheat;
A young man toils in the fields
Under the hot summer sky.

A steady breeze blows
Over the ripened grain and makes it wave;
The man who has an acute eye for business
Watches the combines harvest his crop under the
setting sun.

A harsh wind blows
Over the empty field, raped of its gold;
The aged man, now satisfied, lies in a warmth
That no one else feels in the darkness of night.

Wade Elam

Sailing

The billowing of white sails, a sight to see;
With the rush of the wind—for awhile you are
free.

Tacking, trimming, or running the breeze,
Your sailboat glides onward with graceful ease.

You and sailboat seem as one;
Far from all care, beneath the sparkling sun.
The hull, the spars, the sails, the keel,
A part of your own body they seem to feel.

For pastime, hobby, for fun or for race,
Something missing in your life? Sailing will
fill that space. But the thrill of sailing
Can only be found by sailing yourself,
An experience unexpressibly profound.

You'll like it, You'll love it!
Just try it, you'll see.
For once you have sailed
Sailing is where you'll wish you could be.

Bart Huddleston

Welcome To The Machine

The others have deprived us so
That we will have to fight,
To prove that they are always wrong,
And we are always right.

When at last we have assumed their height,
And like how we are made,
The others ought to be content
To struggle in our shade.

But God has given everyman
A special skill of art,
Which helps that man to interact
With all his counterparts.

In this great world there is no room
For discontented hearts;
Welcome to the great machine,
Of which we all are parts.

Life Through Death

Death is something merciless,
As though most people feel;
He strikes when he is ready,
And leaves sorrow as his seal.

For Death is to be looked upon
By wisdom that is true,
Not to be the end,
The end of me and you.

But death is just the end
Of this earthly world of ours,
And begins a life for us,
A life among the stars.

For God has made this world for us,
And though this life is nice,
We must die and meet with Him
In a place called Paradise.

David Kurt

The Purpose of Emotional Love

*The love of a man for a woman
Is an emotion supporting all things worthwhile;
Two people working together for a common cause,
Seek to bring an asset into the world
Never before seen by the likes of man;
The love is a balanced structure
Supporting all human achievements;
The woman builds a base
On which the man can steadily stand.
The man in turn sculpts the final structure,
Which leaves him in the eternal gratitude of humanity.
Without the person of the humbler sex
To stand behind him and push him forward,
The man will most certainly falter before reaching his final goal,
And each time he falters,
Humanity moves not forward,
But instead falls back in time.*

Cannon Thomas

Wishing For A Snowy Day

*On a cold winter's night
A young boy, cold and blue,
Looked out at the sky
For the snow's first white clue.*

*His warm breath on the glass
Made a fog, cold and gray,
As the youth looked forward
To a cold snowy day.*

*If the hopeful young boy
Would awake to bright snow,
The small wishing mind
Actually did not know.*

*The boy crawled into bed,
His mind filled with great hopes
Of the fun he would have
Sledding down the high slopes.*

*As the sun did burst forth
His body, greatly slowed,
Did arise from his bed
To learned that it had snowed.*

The Invaders

I must run, must hide. But there is no safe refuge, no true security from the weapons of death and destruction. They are coming quickly now, getting closer. I can smell the smoke as they burn the forests in front of them, trying to smoke us out.

Oh, how I hate them. Them and the deceit and treachery for which they stand. Oh, when they first landed, they appeared to be the answer to our most bewildering puzzles but soon we saw the treachery their hearts concealed. . . .

It was almost a year ago that we first saw them. Our astronomers had detected their ships blazing through the night skies like comets, and had been able to predict almost exactly the time and place of their arrival. We went, therefore, to the predetermined place to wait anxiously for them.

We truly knew not what to expect, for this would be our first contact with the inhabitants of other planets, even though we ourselves had mastered space travel almost half a century before. We had, however, only travelled to the tiny moon which encircled our planet, and sent exploratory expeditions to other planets within our system. Never before had we actually encountered living beings.

Of course, we immediately surmised that the ship did hold some form of life. We gave no thought to the possibility that the ship might be purely mechanical, or perhaps manned by a type of robot designed merely for exploratory purposes. No, somehow we knew that this ship which

As I Sit And Wonder

*I sit in my room and I wonder
Of all that goes on in the thunder,
Of all the noise that clashes,
And all the lightning that flashes.*

*I sit in my room and wonder
Of what goes on in the world asunder,
Of all the cries that I hear,
Of helpless people both far and near.*

*I sit in my room and I wonder
Of what nation yet has Moscow to plunder,
Of all the people that must die
Of which no one knows why.*

*I sit in my room and I wonder
Of what next this country has to plunder,
Of premiums that are high
And of interests rates that touch the sky.*

*I sit in my room and I wonder
Of when I will fall under,
Under the powers of sleep
So my eyes will no longer have to weep.*

Lon Whiteaker

The Mountain Climber

*He reaches for the highest peaks,
Though far away they loom,
And trusts his life to every crag,
For him there is sure doom.*

*For somehow he must reach the top
To feel so free again,
But I'll assure you when he's there,
He'll climb that peak again.*

*For thus is the life of the mountain climber
To reach the heavens blue,
And conquer each and every peak
For there his dreams come true.*

*So climb on ye rugged mountain climber
Though tough the climb will seem,
But don't give up in the rugged attempt
And conquer your every dream.*

Aaron Isherwood

had come to us from out of the heavens would finally give us the chance actually to communicate with another form of life. . . .

It was because of this belief that all of the leaders from the various countries of our world attended the arrival of the visitors from space. Apparently the voyagers were aware of the fact that this was so, for they asked our leaders to accompany them back to their planet.

At first there were some who did not wish to go, but eventually, they all decided to join the space travellers. We did not see them again for five months. . . .

Yes, five months later, they returned. Our scientists surrounded their ships eagerly awaiting word of what their civilization was like.

The picture our leaders painted, however, was not a pretty one. They told of a planet where brother kills brother, children rebel against their parents, and people are afraid to go out at night. They told of a planet full of war and killing. They told of a planet that was slowly dying from within. . . .

Soon after, the invasions began. The aliens came and ravaged our towns, our countries, our world. I am one of the few who are left alive, and I shall not live long. My only wish is that they go ahead and kill me, rather than making me return with them to their planet—to the planet they call Earth.

Mike Laws



Fountainsdale Abbey Alan Batson

The Hunter

During the hunt, the hunter wanders as quietly as a deer:

*He wanders, listening for all he can hear.
The stealthy hunter stops and hears a sound,
That is when a hunter's heart begins to pound.
From a bush he again hears a noise;
His gun is ready, raised, and poised.*

Out of the gun spots a cloud.
The young hunter hears a groan, and he is proud.
He creeps to the bush and glances around;
And what is this awful sight that is found?
No fresh venison for tonight's chow;
The young hunter has just killed his father's Prize-winning cow.

John Cabin

Winter

The autumn leaves begin to fall,
And with that comes the winter pall,
That covers life and makes it sleep
Til springtime comes to revive the effete.

Many a time as I look out the window,
To see the first flakes of the wintery snow,
I think to myself whenever I can,
To be on this world, how lucky I am.

When life all around us is full of vigor,
We sometimes forget that in all of its splendor,
Like plants, all humans must also have winter,
All must sleep, some to recover;
But I am alive—alive as ever,
It's hard to think life's not forever.

Why War?

*I don't understand this thing they call war.
No one knows who started it,
Or what caused it.*

*Death and Destruction,
Is this life today?
Do we like to kill,
or is it just a phase?*

*One must fight for that which is right,
but who decides what is right?
Not I, nor you, I would think,
But who; who, not me nor you.*

*I guess a war is always just,
But only those who see it thus.
Death and destruction, how can this be;
Whatever happened to humanity.*

Bill Hawkins

The Old Blind Fox

Two birds sat in an old Beech tree;
One looked up, to the other quoth he,
"Have you heard about the old sly fox?"
The other said, "Tell of this old fox!"
"Well, he has lost his teeth and cannot even see!
Well, at least that is how it was told to me!"
So the two birds flew to the fox's den,
And they began to laugh at him, but then
The fox grabbed them and held them tight.
And they yelled and yelled with all their might,
But no one came to aid these two,
And the fox that night had hot bird stew.
These foolish birds believed the lies of a few,
So do not be like them and wind up in a stew.

Trey Rochford

Football Game

As I lie in the splendor I am feeling the pain
Of memories and feelings I cannot explain,
For the people I love and the people I blame
Are mingled as one at the football game.

And I guess I am a "Big Boy"—cannot cry
anymore.
When through all my armor they pierce to the
core.
With derisively whispering daggers they maim
All mingled as one at the football game.

And the beautiful ladies with beautiful eyes
And the beautiful daggers and beautiful lies.

The ones who ignore me—but they know my
name—
Are mingled as one at the football game.

So I seek *ataraxis*—forget about hope,
It is all I can do just to keep on and cope,
When the winners and losers and crowd are the
same,
All mingled as one at the football game.

There is nothing tonight but to sit by the phone,
For I have got it all but it is all so alone,
And why was I left here when they all became
All mingled as one at the football game.

Of the coach's existence I often despair;
Wrong is right, good surprised, and the unjust
is fair,
And the people I love and the people I blame
Are mingled as one at the football game.

Everett Holzapfel



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